Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worſt is worldly loſſe thou canſt vnfold.
Say, is my kingdome loſt? Why twas my care,
And what loſſe is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as wee?
Greater he ſhall not be: if he ſerue God,
Weele ſerue him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Reuolt our Subiects? that we cannot mend,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, deſtruction, ruine, and decay,
The worſt is death, and death will haue his day.
Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo armd
To beare the tidings of calamitie,
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the ſiluer Riuers drown their ſhowers.
As if the world were all diſſolud to teares,
So high aboue his limits ſwels the rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright ſteele, aud hearts harder then ſteele?
White beards haue armd their thinne and haireleſſe ſcalps
Againſt thy Maieſtie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In ſtiffe vnwildie armes, againſt thy Crowne,
Thy very beadſ-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe againſt thy ſtate.
Yea diſtaffe women manage ruſtie billes:
Againſt thy ſeate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.
King. To well, to well thou telſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceſull ſteps.
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.
King. Oh Villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs eaſily wonne to fawne on a
Snakes in my heart blood warmd
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice w
Would they make peace? terrib
Make warre vpon their ſpotted ſo
Scro. Sweete Ioue's (I ſee) cha
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt d
Againe vncurſe their ſoules, thei
With head, and not with hands, t
Haue felt the worſt of deaths deſt
And lie full low grau'd in the holl
Aum. Is Buſhie, Greene, & the
Scro. Yea, all of them at Briſto
Au. Where is the Duke my fa
King. No matter where, of con
Lets talke of graues, of wormes,
Make duſt our paper, and with r
Write ſorrow on the boſome of t
Lets chooſe Executors and talke
And yet not ſo, for what can we b
Saue our depoſed bodies to the gr
Our lands, our liues, and all are
And nothing can we call our own
And that ſmall modell of the bar
Which ſerues as paſt and couer to
For Gods ſake let vs ſit vpon the
And tell ſad ſtories of the death o
How ſome haue beene depoſde, ſ
Some haunted by the ghoſts the
Some poyſoned by their wiues, ſ
All murthered: for within the ho
That rounds the mortall temples
Keepes death his Court, and ther
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning a
Allowing him a breath, a little ſce
To Monarchiſe, be feard, and kil
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vain
As if this fleſh which walles abou

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